

T/SOR/24/3/7

# SMILE

Issue 10 UK 60p US \$2 Smash The Imagination



**SEX WITHOUT SECRECTIONS**

# BUY CULTURE

# BEAT DEATH

## INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

### DESIRE IN RUINS

1) The whole of post-modern life is mediated by a series of abstractions. Creativity, pleasure, imagination, desire, all have a role to play in the maintenance of the capitalist system.

2) Those who do not reiterate accepted mystifications find their activities and ideas suppressed by both the media and the soft cogs in the universities and community relations.

3) In the past, life was mediated by such abstractions as honesty, truth, progress, and the myth of a better future. Creativity, pleasure, imagination, and desire, are a further refinement in the mediation of life by abstractions. In the post-modern era they serve power in the same way that honesty, truth, progress, etc. served the capitalist system in the classical modern age (1909 - 1957).

4) Creativity is labour refuted to moral good, the name of the work ethic after its modernisation. To those who oppose all moralisms creativity is just as alienating as wage labour. We reiterate the anti-moralist slogan 'Never Work' and hold that this formulation embraces the refusal of creativity.

5) Pleasure is a method for the ordering of experience into a hierarchy of desirability. It is an abstraction which negates the lived moment, and requires reference to the possibility of past/future (or at least other) experience. The anti-capitalist must reject all such systems of value.

6) Imagination is an abstraction which negates concrete experience. It is the central mechanism for the dominance of the image as chief agent of repression in our spectacular society.

7) Desire is the permanent deferral of the actuality of the present in favour of the purported gratifications of an illusory future.

8) We engage an active nihilism for the destruction of this world and all its abstractions:

No more leaders.

No more experts.

No more superstars.

No more politicians.

No more thinking 'culture' can change anything except a few bank accounts.

The show is over.

The audience start to leave.

Time to collect their coats and go home.

They turn around.....

.....No more coats

.....No more homes

ABOLISH PLEASURE

REFUSE CREATIVITY

SMASH THE IMAGINATION

DESIRE IN RUINS

THE PRESENT IS ABSOLUTE

EVERYTHING NOW!

### THE REFUSAL OF CREATIVITY

POLITICS in the epoch of its dissolution - a negative movement which seeks the transcendence of politics in historical society where the present has yet to be lived - is simultaneously a politics of change and the pure expansion of impossible change. The more grandiose its reach, the more its true realisation is beyond it. Such politics are forcibly in the 'vanguard', and 'are not'. The vanguard being their disappearance.

As the final integration of the Situationist project into consumer society (punk rock) proved, dissatisfaction itself became a commodity as soon as economic abundance was able to extend its production to the treatment of such a raw material.

It is now apparent that Debord constructed his occult (situationist) international from dreams of becoming an unseen power directing the popular storm. A power all the more effective for being without body, class, or official right. A dictatorship whose strength was drawn from abandoning the characteristic appearances of power within the reigning society.

It was from such dreams of power (the powerful dreams of an activist) that the Situationist International (SI) derived its theoretical reverence for creativity, imagination, and desire. Indeed such was the level of fetishisation within the SI, these attributes became a prerequisite for participation in the Situationist programme. Thus rather than refusing a role in the global network of mediations, the SI acted as the avant garde in the process of colonisation.

Where the SI (like all recuperators) failed, was in attempting to process the negative energy of those who refuse to participate. Inactivity has proved to be immune from commodification. While capital is past master at recuperating activities directed 'against' its 'logic', it is helpless in the face of those who refuse to do anything.

Indeed the negative power of the mass, of their slack, of the refusal of creativity, threatens to pull down the moralisms on which all separations are built. This heralds not just the end of politics, art, and philosophy, but everyday life as we know it. In a world without time, daily life will be dissolved by the present.

### ARTISTS' PLACEMENT AND THE END OF ART

'Artists' Placement is intended to serve Art rather than to provide a service for artists.'

Barbara Steveni 'Will Art Influence History?' (In 'AND Journal of Art' No. 9).

In the same article from which the preceding quote is extracted, Steveni elaborates that the 'APG (Artists Placement Group) was never created as an agency to help artists find employment, or to create new forms of support for artists. APG is a means of generating change through the media of art rather than through verbal proceedings only, in the context of organisation.' Thus the APG seeks to propagate the concept of the placement of artists in government and industry. The 'placed artist' is to play the role of 'incidental person' and carry an open brief.

Such aims are at best reformist. For those who do not adhere to a 'revolutionary perspective' the idea of placing 'incidental persons' in government and industry might appear 'radical' if the concept were removed from the conservative framework within which the APG attempt to contain it.

However, close examination of the APG's theory shows that in terms of its actual practice, the propagation of the concept of artists as 'incidental persons', is only a second order activity. Its first priority is clearly the maintenance of a belief in 'Art', and the role of the artist, in a society where such mystifications are increasingly viewed as irrelevant, not only by the general population, but also by those whose system 'Art' once helped to maintain.

In effect, the APG is calling for the utilisation of specialists (artists) in a non-specialist role (the 'incidental person'). Thus the APG hope to create for themselves (artists) a preserve as professional non-specialists, while excluding ordinary workers and the unemployed from fulfilling any 'incidental' function.

The APG are a professional self-interest group. Like all artists they stand in opposition to the aims and aspirations of the impossible class.

### 6 OF 666 FROM THE APOCALYPTIC CHURCH OF BOB

- 1) The body is our only temple.
- 2) Worship consists of any organic or penetrative function.
- 3) Anyone stupid enough to get married can find redemption in adultery.
- 4) Bobman is to be celebrated every March 24th.
- 5) Since all things come from Bob, we too are Bob.
- 6) The coming nuclear holocaust is a necessary part of the evolutionary process.

### FROM RUINS IN ART TO ART IN RUINS

- 1) With the exception of the human figure, the 'ruin' has been the dom-







# INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

The Young Ling Master (story) — Monthly Bulletin 43, Berkeley, CA, USA, July 1986.

Rubber Stamp Action (with others) — Basement Cafe, Tate Gallery, London, England, 30/7/86.

Smile issue 9 (magazine) — London, England, August 1986.

Neolism Now (performance) — De Media, Eeklo, Belgium, 30/8/86.

Products (group show) — Steve French Gallery, Dundee, Scotland, September 1986.

Untitled photomontage in "Understain" by Kathy Myers (paperback) — Comedia, London, England, October 86.

Reparation De Poesie (group show) — Obcruum Gallery, Quebec, Canada, October/November 86.

PRAXIS Performance (live event) — Parachute Club, Aldershot, England, 1/11/86.

64th Neolism Apartment Festival (performances and exhibition of work) — In and around Artcore Gallery, Berlin, W. Germany, 1 — 7 Dec 86.

Ruins Of Glamour/Glamour Of Ruins (group show and catalogue) — Chisenhale Studios, Mile End, London, England, Dec 86.

Water Symphony (censored version) as part of 'Glamour Lied To Me' — Chisenhale Dance Space, Mile End, London, England, 13/12/86.

Various texts in 'Neolism Now' edited M. Cantin — Hausen Press, Berlin, W. Germany, December 86.

Interview in Smile Vol 1 issue 6/7 (magazine) — Baltimore, Maryland, USA, December 86.

Ling And The Drag Act Caper (story) — Monthly Bulletin 49, Berkeley, CA, USA, January 1987.

Short text in 'Coll' (magazine) — R+D Group 28, London, England, February 87.

The Lie Of The Land (Group Show) — Young Unknowns Gallery, Waterloo, London, England, Feb 87.

Basic Banalities (Appendix to 'What Is Situationism' by Jean Baudrillard) — Unpopular Books, London, England, February 87.

Photo-Day Duets (group show) — Chisenhale Dance Space + Studios Mile End, London, England, Feb 87.

Short Introductory Text in "Art in Ruins: New Realism From The Museum Of Ruined Intentions" catalogue — Gimpel Fils, London, England, March 87.

Orientation For The Use Of A Context (abridged) — Certain Gestures 6, Aldershot, England, April 87.

Desire In Ruins (group show) — Transmission Gallery, Glasgow, Scotland, May 1987.

## OVERTHROW THE HUMAN RACE!!

Genuine commitment to the solution of 'social problems' required the overthrow of the human race. PRAXIS offer the following orientations:

- 1) Forming an alliance with aliens to attack the human race.
- 2) Building intelligent, self-reproducing, machines that will overthrow humanity.
- 3) Causing mutations in animals to produce species that will rise up against humanity.
- 4) Causing mutations in humanity that will transform it beyond recognition.

5) Causing a thermonuclear 'yspam' war that will decisively alter human consciousness (and possibly biology).

The Church of the SubGenius offer the following formula:

The Goal: Slack.

The Method: The Casting Out Of False Prophets.

The Weapon: Time Control.

The Motto: Fuck Them If They Can't Take A Joke.

Subversives of the world join us in the struggle against the human species. Repent, Quit Your Job, Slack Off!

## PUSHER

THE rain had driven Adam Stanovitch into the tube station and he stood watching rent boys work the rack. When a fat businessman picked one up, Adam followed. He wasn't supposed to be ended up at a nearby public toilet. Adam pretended to use the urinal and took a long time washing his hands. It was less than five minutes before the boy-prostitute emerged from his cubicle. Headed up to the street. The client came out two minutes later. Adam grabbed hold of the bastard. Shoved him back into the cubicle. He clamped his fist. Rammed it hard into the businessman's fleshy belly. The shitbag doubled over, was about the businessman's steel toe-capped boot thudded into his groin. The effect was devastating. The bastard let out a gurgling scream as a fountain of puke exploded from his mouth. Adam brought his palms down on the crown of the executive's head. Brought his knee shoot up, once, twice, three times into an over-fed face. Each upward lunge, blood was exuded with the satisfying crunch of splintering bone. Blood was rewarmed from the bastard's mouth and nose. Some Herley Street dentist would have a field day fixing up the broken teeth. Adam brought a final rain of blows down across the back of the shitbag's neck. The bastard crashed to the floor and lost consciousness.

Adam took the watch from the businessman's wrist. The wallet from the bastard's jacket. Stashed them in a crumpled pocket. He stripped the fat executive. Shredded the clothes he'd removed. Shoved the shreds into the toilet and flushed. With his blade he carved the words

Adam looked the cubicle and climbed out over the top. It took him several minutes to wash the bastard's blood and vomit from his hands, face, and clothes. As he finished a junkie ran down the stairs and locked himself into a toilet. Adam gave him thirty seconds before kicking in the door. The skag-bag had a packet of smack in his pocket. Adam knew there was no pain he could inflict with flat or boot that would match the agony of junk deprivation. He left the bastard as he was. Slitting crazy-eyed on the toilet.

It doesn't take long to find a junkie in the Dilly. Adam located a brace in less than a minute. He flashed his heroin haul. Slipped it back into his pocket.

"You want it?" Adam wasn't enquiring. He was stating the obvious. "Yeah!" replied the taller skag-bag.

"Your place," Adam commanded.

The smack-heads were squashed in a flat on Shaftsbury Avenue. Just up from Wardour Street. Before the pair moved in, it'd been a property developers' dream. A dream the junkies had destroyed. Adam found what he needed in the kitchen — some bottles, a spoon, electric flask. He went back to the 'living' room. It was bare. No curtains, no carpet. He could see right as well as hear. The lights didn't work but the neon signs of Soho provided sufficient illumination. The room contained nothing more than a plate of rotting food and various scraps of paper most of which were piled up in one corner. On one wall the words "A SYSTEMATIC DERANGEMENT OF THE SENSES" were sprayed in black capitals. On another wall was the slogan "ANARCHY IS FREEDOM". Neither meant anything to Adam. They just confirmed his suspicions that this particular brace of addicts were middle class tossers who deserved to die. He got the junkies to drag a dirty double mattress out of a bedroom.

"You want to fuck us?" asked the taller junkie.

"Your works," Adam ordered, holding out his hand. "To works, no junk," he added after his initial command failed to elicit a response.

Angered at not getting the results he required, Adam slammed his flat into the taller junkie's jaw. He was rewarded with the sickening crunch of splintering bone. The skag-bag reeled backwards and hit the occasional piece of broken tooth. Adam booted the portrate young in the ribs. Once. Twice.

"Do you want more?" he asked. "Or will you hand over your works?"

The skag-bag pulled a hypo from his jacket pocket. It'd been broken during Adam's onslaught. Stanovitch laughed. He ground it's remains with his heel.

"Strip," Adam ordered. The junkies obeyed. Stanovitch picked up the length of electric flask he'd got from the kitchen. He ordered the smaller junkie to turn around.

"But..." the bastard began to protest.

"Shut it," Adam instructed. He slammed a flat into the scumbag's mouth. He heard a satisfying crunch as a tooth snapped. He whipped out his blade and slashed the shitbag across the chest. The limbo offered no further resistance. Adam bound him with the flex. Repeated the operation with the second junkie. Placed the brace of them on the mattress.

Adam dropped his trousers and laid a steaming turd on the floor. He smashed one of the bottles he'd brought in from the kitchen. Glass shattered, the broken glass with his heel. He sprinkled smack and ground glass over the turd. Mixed up the concoction. Worked it over several times to ensure its consistency.

Adam placed his victims' clothes in the fire grate. He collected all the

# INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

bedding in the flat. Tore up the blanket and two sleeping bags he'd found. Added these to the pyre. He struck a match and torches the lot. Adam unsnipped his back and made the bastard blow him. He unsnipped the taller junkie and ordered him to fuck his flat-mate. Once the bastard had complied, Adam tied him up again. Undressed. Got onto the taller junkie. His fuck tickled penetrated the bastard's dark rim. The asshole was subjected to the heaviest of onslaughts. Adam reached a climax and shot off a wad of liquid genetics. As he pulled himself up he was fantasising about headlines in the tabloids describing him as "The Rancid Rapist".

"If you want some smack just let me know," Stanovitch snarled at the junkies.

"The glass would kill us," the taller skag-bag replied. "Who wants to live?" Adam snapped.

It was a couple of hours before the junkies' cold turkey came on. When it did Adam stripped off and lay between the two shivering wretches of humanity. After a while they started to sweat. Adam offered the balls and pondered whether scratching ended and playing began.

By this time the junkies were in a really bad way. Adam scooped up a spoonful of his excrement cocktail. Fed the smaller junkie. He was too out of it to know exactly what he was eating. But some instinct told him it contained smack. He swallowed it down. Adam offered the second junkie a similar treat. He lay back down between the addicts. They were both bleeding from the mouth. The glass that was lacerating their intestines brought them back to a full and agonised consciousness.

The smaller junkie was coughing blood. Adam mounted the bastard. Shoved his huge organ into the dying man's sphincter. The junkie had lapsed into delirium. He didn't notice that Adam was pounding his body to the primitive rhythm of sex. Adam approached orgasm. The junkie neared death. A death that was speeded up by the sexual onslaught his broken body was suffering. Adam shot off an enormous wad of liquid genetics as the smack-head snuffed it. He repeated the performance with the taller junkie. Again he was skilled enough to make orgasm coincide with death.

Adam dismounted. He fell asleep between the two cadavers. In the morning he lifted the flat without touching the bodies. He was no necrophile. His primary desire had always been for power over others. That was why he was "Randy Raptor". He wasn't interested in corpses. He required a minimal resistance. Feed back.

ADAM moved into a house on Burdett Road, Mile End. He was planning some robberies to finance his way into big time drug dealing. He'd moved to where the best fences were still to be found. He'd figured it was convenient to live near these connections.

He'd got the idea for his crime from a pulp novel. More exact information had come from a clone he'd picked up on Clapham Common. He'd spent a couple of days with 'Bent' Bill Sutherland. Bill was a lorry driver and a regular Friday run from a cigarette warehouse in Newcastle to a distribution depot in North London. When Adam mentioned his brother in Durham, Bill's face had lit up.

"Listen, youngster," he said. "Any time you need a lift down South, just go to the transport cafe south of the city. I'm in there every Friday between eight-fifteen and a quarter to nine."

Before making his trip up North, Adam made arrangements with a fence. He got a bent dentist to file his teeth to razor-sharpness. He'd taken a Thursday-night train to the historic city of Durham. But he'd had no intention of using the visit for educational purposes. And he was equally determined not to see his brother. The bastard was a social worker and would leave the chance to demonstrate his 'caring professional attitude' by grasping up his own kin.

Adam checked into a bed and breakfast under an assumed name. The proprietor got him up at six-thirty. He'd eaten breakfast by seven. The walk to the transport cafe took an hour and ten minutes. Adam had checked it out the previous evening. This time he'd arrived just as his victim was pulling into the car park. Adam didn't follow Bill into the cafe. He didn't want to be seen with Sutherland. He waited by the roadside until Bill returned to his lorry. Sutherland climbed into the cab and was bent down switching off the alarm as Adam ran up.

"Just made it!" Adam panted as Bill looked up.

"Hello, youngster!" Bill beamed over his surprise. "Looking for a lift?"

"Correct!" Adam grinned.

Bill opened the passenger door. Adam walked round and climbed up. He put his hand on the lorry driver's knee. Once they'd pulled onto the motorway, Adam unsnipped the trucker's fuses and jerked the older man off.

"Why don't I pull off onto a country lane?" Bill suggested.

"Not yet," Adam teased. "You'll enjoy it more for having to wait."

Bill made the suggestion several more times before Adam agreed. They finally pulled off the motorway on the last exit before Great Ouse.

Bill killed the engine. The two men got into the bed at the back of the cab. Stripped off. Bill took Adam's cock and sucked it deep into his throat. Adam could feel the pressure building in his groin as Bill

sucked and chewed on the member. Adam reached boiling point. Shot off a great wad of liquid genetics. He picked up a jar of KY and rubbed the jelly into Bill's ass. He banged his huge organ. It stiffened. Went back. Was inserted into Bill's anal entry. The trucker moaned as Adam plumb jibed his full depth. Adam battered back and forth. Beat out the primitive rhythm of sex. Shot off another wad of liquid genetics. And finally withdrew his tool from the brown stained gape of erect manhood.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" Bill cried. Alarmed that his pleasure might be cut short.

"I'm knackered. Need a break," Adam rasped breathlessly. "Come on! Make an effort!" Bill called.

"I could give you a flat fuck," Adam suggested. "I want it from this," Bill was pleading as he fingering Adam's cock. "In that case you'll just have to wait," Adam was adamant.

"Oh, alright. Give me a flat fuck," Bill conceded. "I suppose it's about time I tried some of this modern sex."

Adam tightened his right hand into a fist. Inserted it into Bill's shit chute. He wrapped his left arm around his partner's waist. With a bit of pushing, and pulling, the fist inched into Bill's bum. All of a sudden the bowel muscles gave way and Adam was writhed deep into the arse. As the sphincter collapsed, Bill let out an orgasmic scream. In the same instant he lost consciousness.

Adam had planned on killing Bill by biting through the big man's cock with his newly filed teeth. However, he was just as happy to take advantage of Bill's unconscious state. He rumbled through the cab. Found a large, heavy, spuncus. Got up behind him and inserted his tool into the bounce until blood and brains were coming out of the lorry driver's head.

Adam left the body on the bed. Eased himself into the drivers seat. The motor started first time. Adam had never held an HGV licence. He'd learned how to handle lorries hitching across Europe. Many a long distance lorry driver would spend five minutes shoving an interlocking hitcher how to keep a straight course on the motorway. Enabling the official driver to catch some kip while the wagon rolled on. Adam was well travelled and had progressed to negotiating city streets in a truck.

Adam headed for Epping Forest. It would be a few hours before the lorry was reported missing. Even so he didn't want to hang about. Bill's body and the lorry's number plates were thrown into a grave Adam had prepared three days earlier. It took just ten minutes of sweaty labour to cover the corpse with sufficient soil to ensure it would never be found.

Adam retrieved a set of false plates he'd hidden near the tomb. Having put them on the lorry he headed off for the Dagenham depot of the crime syndicate who were sending the fags.

Sweat dripped from Adam's armpits as the lorry crawled through the maze of streets of East London. He felt freed of a great burden once he'd delivered his haul. The sign wore a cool two hundred thousand and at retail prices. Quite a robbery! With a murder-onto it was a life sentence if he'd been caught.

Adam left Dagenham on a bus with fifteen grand burning a hole in his pocket. Not bad for a day's work but nothing compared to what the syndicate would make on the haul. The big time fences are only interested in large profits. The gang would have given him twenty grand for the cigarettes on their own. But Adam had also left them to dispose of the lorry. They'd charged five grand for carrying out this 'favour'. To the syndicate this was a profitable sideline. The lorry was a valuable source of spare parts.

ADAM'S first priority was to set up a front for his heroin racket. He rented some premises on a back street in Whitechapel. Installed a clapped out print machine in the basement. On the ground floor he opened a bookshop. It was stocked through an arduous campaign of shoplifting. There was a small office on the first floor. The rest of the building was given over to seminars and lecture rooms. The resultant structure was named "The London Free Trade Centre".

Adam's first followers were recruited outside a meeting of the 'Federation of Conservative Students'. Stanovitch had no problem in winning over right-wing students to his own line of neo-capitalism. Tory nutters, who believed that the market should regulate everything, did not need much persuasion to back Adam's demand for the legalisation of all commodities. These maladjusted imbeciles were soon convinced that as long as businessmen were legally prevented from meeting the public demand for heroin, hard core pornography, and arms, then criminal elements would step in to fill the gap in the market. As a result products essential to social well-being were over-priced. And the tax-payer was burdened with a bill for a lot of expensive police work. Adam's practical approach to these problems, his calls for 'Direct Action', were especially attractive to the young. His message was that, before a Free Trade Utopia could be realised, a course of guerrilla action was to be undertaken. In other words, his followers should trade illegally in those commodities, such as drugs and guns, that were presently subject to parliamentary restriction.

This programme attracted hundreds of followers who were disenchanted with the purely theoretical posturings of right-wing student organs.



# INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

ations. The recruits were enthusiastic and their parents had money to burn. The print run of Adam's paper 'Liberty' soon reached ten thousand.

Making the connections for smack didn't prove a problem. It was simply a question of being thorough and following back sources from street pushers to big time merchants. It was not until he built up a solid organisation, that Adam headed down to the Dilly. He followed a junkie into a side street. Walked up behind him. Put a 45 to his head. "Listen, son," he mused. "I want some information." "Yeah?" the junkie replied uncertainly. "I wanna know where I can buy some skag."

"You can get deals in the Dilly."

"I want bigger deals than that." Adam spat.

"New North Road, Islington. Newington Green. Sandringham Road, Hackney."

"Not so fast." Adam instructed as he fished a pen and paper from his pockets. "Write them down. Full addresses."

The junkie did as he was told. Adam kept the 45 trained on his head. When the skag-bag had finished, Adam retrieved his pen and the list of addresses. Squeezed the trigger of his gun. There was a 'whoosh' as the bullet sped through the silence. The smack-head's legs crumpled beneath him. He was a corpse when he hit the ground.

The first address Adam tried was a bedsit on Greek Street. There was no reply to his ring on the bell. He slid a stolen credit card between the door and its frame. The latch slipped back. The 'dealer's' room was on the second floor. Adam kicked in the door. Found three 45 bags of skag beneath a loose floorboard. There was nothing else worth taking. Adam left in disgust.

The next address he tried was a basement flat in Islington. The dealer opened the door a couple of inches. That was his first and final mistake. Adam pushed his way in. A client was shooting up in the kitchen. Adam shot the bastard to show that he meant business.

"I wanna make a connection," he informed the dealer.

"With me?" the pusher was confused.

"No," Adam elaborated. "With someone bigger."

"I have to wait for a phone-call," the dealer explained. "So that I know where to go for the pick up."

"When you expect this call?" Adam was suspicious.

"This evening."

"You better not be fucking me around," Adam snarled as he pushed the 45 into the bastard's ribs.

The piece of human shit started to shake. He was having a hard time holding himself together. Needed a fix. Just another small time operator with a habit. Adam enjoyed making the toe-rag sweat it out. Spun it out over two long hours. Eventually got bored with the game and let the skag-bag shoot up. The junkie was sinking into a mindless euphoria when the phone rang. This time it was more than an addict looking for a fix. It was a big business. The final wholesale deal before this particular junk chank hit the street.

They had an hour to get to a disused factory in Stoke Newington. It was a fucking tight operation. Adam and his mark were grabbed as they entered the building. The guide was a dead man. Hot shot material. Adam's fate was somewhat less definite. He obviously wasn't a cop. So the boys who'd grabbed him wanted to know just what it was he was up to. It took Adam an hour to convince them he might be able to put to use some serious business their way. The story was checked out and the gangsters captured their boss. Adam was released twelve long hours after his capture.

"You'll be hearing from us," he was informed. "You'd better have the readiness when we phone."

THE gangsters certainly had no problem coming up with the goods. Adam financed his early purchases with the proceeds of bank jobs. However it wasn't long before he found his heroin activities not only self-financing, but highly profitable. He soon discovered it was more of a kick pushing to pushers than dealing junk at street level. The power a dealer holds over his clients is more addictive than the substance he's pushing. And it was this addiction that Adam's most dedicated disciples were turned on to. Adam amused himself for months by withdrawing funds from form first one, and then another, of his minions. Most of the bastards were too spineless that they'd fall apart when this happened. Many of them ended up shooting the gear they'd once sold.

Within a year of moving into the heroin market, Adam was one of the richest men in London. He was making more money than could be sensibly invested in the hard drug business. With these excess profits, he made heavy investments in a kiddie porn racket.

ALTHOUGH Adam got a kick out of his political and criminal positions, he found that the power he could exercise in these areas was heavily restricted by practical considerations. It was always possible to turn one of his minions and kick the bastard senseless. However, like any leader, Adam was forced to be somewhat pragmatic. He could not indulge in random violence as often as he would have liked. In an attempt to compensate for this he got involved in the London SM scene.

Adam joined a leather club. On his first night out at this exclusive private establishment he picked up Reginald Hoxton-More, a wealthy young scab with a masochistic fascination for 'revolutionary' literature.

When they got back to Reginald's plush Knightsbridge flat, Adam slipped the bastard across a strap. The other man was not at all keen. "But that's not how it's done!" Reggie protested. "You're supposed to tell me I've been a bad boy and that I can't have a drink."

"Suit yourself," Adam retorted kicking his host in the groin. "If you don't wanna drink that's your problem."

Reginald was rolling on the floor screaming. Rather than waiting for the bird-brained bastard to join himself together, Adam poured himself a large scotch.

By the time Adam had finished his, Reggie had recovered sufficiently to break open a bottle of port. Adam slipped at the generous portion his host had poured him. Made the brainless bottom wait in tense anticipation for the savage beating they both knew was coming. Adam finished his drink. Grabbed Reggie by the bollocks. Pulled the agonised imbecile into a leather-lined punishment room. Chained up his host, ripped the silk-shirt from his back. The smack dealing sadist chose a long, black, silver-tipped whip. With a twitch of his arm he swung a smart new whiplash against his victim's spine. He cracked the whip again. And once more it went whistling into Reggie's flesh. Then again. And again. And again. Rivers of blood were pouring from the warts that had formed across the bird-brained bottom's badly bruised back.

"Capitalism is pornographic because it turns individuals into ciphers, representations of the human potential it inhibits," Reggie screamed in his ecstasy.

Adam continued his lashings while Reggie babbled incoherently about Konrad Schuder, leader of the insurrectionary flagellant movement in fourteenth-century Thuringia.

"We have saved the best wine till last," Reggie rasped. "It is our own blood!"

"Jesus! Adam swore. "You're a real fucking asshole."

He threw down his whip and unchained Reggie, who sprawled across the floor whimpering. Adam pulled down the bottom's leather jeans. "Choke!" Adam exclaimed. "I've had more erections than a toilet seat and I've never seen such an over-used orifice! I could drive a truck up your bum!"

However the slackened state of the prey didn't prevent Adam from ramming home his love mallet with the force of a nuclear strike.

"That's more to be learnt from wearing a dress for a day than wearing a suit for a year," Reggie screamed as he reached ego-negating climax.

For a split-second the rectifications separating Adam and Reggie were abolished. But as the wash of simultaneous orgasm receded the pair were returned to a world held in check by hierarchical madness.

"You must punish me for allowing myself to be violated," Reggie intoned as he accepted a handful of peeps from a dish and handed them to Adam.

Adam attached the peeps to Reggie's bollocks. Giving them little twists as he did so. The masochist gave out a short series of yelps.

"Shit!" Adam screamed as he slapped the bird-brained bastard across the cheeks.

"Piss on me, piss on me," pleaded the badly bruised bottom.

"Fuck you!" Adam snapped back.

"Let me lick your asshole," the penitent plover pleaded.

Adam took off his tie-sneers and briefs. Folded the trousers neatly before putting them down on a chair. Reggie got onto his knees. Adam turned around. Presented his ass to the crap-headed coprophile. Reggie ran his tongue along the rim of dark pleasures. Pushed his head between Adam's legs and licked at his playmate's balls. He took Adam's huge organ deep into his throat. Sucked on the tool in the way a greedy child would devour a jelly-pop. Eager to extract every pleasure from the primal defecation. Swallowing down the come as it was the sweetest of sugars.

Adam retrieved his dick from the gurgling glutton's orifice. Increased the pressure of his legs around the bastard's neck. Only when the brainless bottom was half-choked did Adam release his grip. The smack dealing dealer stood over the breathless masochist. Cock held in his hands.

"You've given me ample proof of your submissiveness," Adam intoned in a fruity, theatrical voice. "As a reward, any generous master would douse you with the perfume of the verses. However, I am a cruel master."

Having said his piece, Adam splashed his precious piss across the floor. Being careful that none hit the object of his pleasure. When he'd finished, he let the brainless bastard lick the last drop of urine from the tip of his cock. His intention was entirely malevolent. He wanted to give the bird-brained bottom the tiniest taste of a pleasure that had been denied.

"You're a mess," said Reggie. Adam informed the masochist. "Fix your self up. Then fix me a drink."

Adam hadn't counted the number of drinks he'd consumed while waiting for the imbecile bastard to fix himself up. But he did know he was well pissed. That he shouldn't have drunk those seventeen pints at lunchtime. The smack dealing sadist slumped unconscious. Reggie was all

# INTER NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

over him like a cheap suit. The masochist was grinning madly. Behaving like a child who'd just discovered his parents had gone out of the house. He pulled out his cock and proceeded to masturbate. Shot off a wad of genetic poverty. The resultant mass, an accumulation of hundreds of years of incest and gene poisoning, splattered over Adam's legs. Reggie looked on a porn video. Flicked through a woman's magazine.

The video clicked off and Reggie sat on Adam's lap. Took out the sadist's huge organ. Fondled its limpness.

He sat up all night telling his unconscious top about his plans for their marriage.

"Darling, darling!" Reggie whimpered as Adam came round in the grey light of dawn.

Adam pushed Reggie off his lap and stumbled into the toilet.

"Will you vomit over me?" Reggie enquired as he tapped on the bathroom door.

Having thrown up, Adam felt better. He came out of the bathroom armed with a razor. Reggie was standing in his way so he slashed the bastard's arm.

"Look up the blood," Reggie stammered as he held the copious flow to the smack dealer's mouth. "It's the best cure I know for a hang-over."

Adam licked the blood. His temper improved. He planned the bird-brained bottom to the floor and carved a hammer and sickle in the bastard's chest. He licked up some more blood. Savoured the bitter-sweet taste. Gurgled. Sliced at the bimbo beneath him with a renewed vigour.

"Kill me, kill me!" the masochist screamed at the height of his ecstasy.

"Sure, anything you want," Adam replied as he sliced open Reggie's jugular.

EVER since Thatcher had gained Power in '79, British society had been moving steadily to the right. While the rich hired private muscles to protect them, it was left to the workers and unemployed to bear the brunt of the massive increase in violence. Most of which was being perpetrated by the cops. While Adam had exploited this trend to the fullest extent he no longer felt it provided enough scope for his power-crazed fantasies. He was intent on engineering a religious scenario in the back-drop against which to act some particularly anti-social urge.

Adam advertised the week long 'retreat' at a Scottish castle in various Buddhist publications. It was no problem attracting thirty disciples of eastern religion. Students in particular jumped at the opportunity to study 'meditation', 'creative visualisation', and 'rubbing the Buddha for money'.

Adam was introduced, to the imbeciles who attended the 'retreat', as the Venerable Moral Bullidada. It was explained that although born in Tooting, Adam had spent thirty years of his life pursuing the mystic arts across the Indian sub-continent. The fact that Adam only appeared to be 'twenty-three years old', was said as proof of his occult ability.

After this introduction the initiates were sent to bed without supper. They were woken again at 4.30am the next morning. Led to the ball room for the first 'spiritual adventures' of the day.

"My first lesson," Adam announced as he took his cock out of his life. "He's going to be an exercise in rebelling the Buddha for money."

"This is a Zen teaching," one of the initiates asked.

"No, it's sex magic," Adam retorted. "If you shut up, you might just learn something, Pink Boy."

"This is the Buddha," Adam explained as he fingered his dick. "I want someone to come forward to rub this monster for money."

"How much do I get for doing this?" the Pink Boy demanded.

"Depends on you," Adam replied. "You have to concentrate on the amount you want. It's best to test out your power with a small amount, say a pound, and work upwards from there."

"You'll give me a quid for jerking you off?" the Pink Boy looked like he was going to add several further demands. His mouth opened but the words came out as a scream. Adam had lunged forward and grabbed the bastard by the bollocks. When he released the grip, the crap-head's legs crumpled. The failed novice fell unceremoniously to the floor.

"Carry him out. Lock him in a dungeon." Adam issued instructions to his loyal disciples.

Adam continued his lecture. An initiate came forward and squeezed Adam's plunker into erection. At this point Adam suggested that the seeker might find it easier to place the length in his mouth, and suck. The genetic code, buried deep within Adam's brain, was activated. As he thor' off a great wad of liquefied genetic, an accomplice dropped a pound coin through a crack in the ceiling.

"A miracle, a M I R - A - C L E!" screamed the assembled 'Seekers After Truth'.

"Even greater mysteries are to be revealed to you over the course of this week," Adam informed the jubilant throng. "But first you must pay me."

Two of Adam's accomplices entered the ballroom and placed a throne at its centre. The 'Great Man' sat on the throne. One accomplice placed a tin foil crown on his head. The other emptied a crate of broken glass into the ballroom floor.

"To pay true homage to the Venerable Moral Bullidada," the accom-

lice who'd placed the crown on Adam's head announced, "you must strip off and crawl over the glass, lacerating yourselves."

The Seekers were overcome at finding themselves in the presence of an enlightened being, or at the very least someone who had achieved 'stream entry'. Thus they happily shed their clothes. Abandoned the garments which they saw as symbols of a worldly station. Convincently forgetting, like the intellectuals and their followers, that these 'symbols' also served a practical function. That as well as being 'symbols', the garments provided protection against the elements. The initiates threw themselves onto the glass. Rolled around on it, screaming like furies in an orgy of self-immolation. One zealot scooped up a handful of the shards and shoved them into his mouth. He died in ecstasy. Draped across Adam's lap. His 'master' had a hard time keeping a straight face. To Adam, the fanatical display of religious conviction was the ultimate realisation of his most deep-seated fantasies.

When the homage was over, Adam had the Pink Boy brought up from the dungeon. The Unbelieving Bastard was ritually bolted in a pot. Three zealots jumped into the broth. Eager to demonstrate their religious devotion. They were cooked up alongside the murderous scumbag who'd dared to question Adam's authority. The boiled bodies made a highly nutritious meal. During the course of the 'religious' feast, an initiate demanded to be ritually laughed. The wish was granted. By this time Adam had grown tired of his religious kick. So taking his accomplices with him, he fucked off to London. Faced with the inexplicable loss of their leader, the remaining initiates knocked each other off in a bloody orgy of intolerance.

HAVING conquered the worlds of religion, politics, and crime, Adam decided it was time to expand his horizons. He got a lease on a former pool hall in the Mills End Road, and opened it up as the 'Atmagmatic Gallery'. To run it he hired Bobby Thompson, a 'used car salesman', a notorious art world grifter. Tunnel Vision had begun his career by bullwhipping his way into art school, with a portfolio 'borrowed' from his brother. Since he was singularly lacking in artistic talent, this was the high point of his 'career' as a 'painter'. However, once he'd got himself to establish a position of responsibility within his art school, he initiated, he did very well for himself as a hustler. Bobby initiated a programme whereby he hired artists to do exhibitions, and gave lectures. For the lecture alone the Student Union was paying £60 plus travelling expenses. Instead of using this money to lure 'big names' to his college, Tunnel Vision sought out struggling artists desperate for the opportunity to expand their CV. He paid them travelling expenses (minus 'administration costs'), and pocketed their 'fees'. Out of this he often expected 'sexual favours' from wimmin artists. On this front he was inclined to push his luck a little too far. When a scandal finally broke, his family bribed a doctor to give him a hospital bed, from where he felpined illness until the trouble blew over.

Adam had met Thompson in the 'Blind Beggar', Steapsy. He was an uppy bastard. A snivelling heterosexual. Adam made it clear that if Bobby wanted a job, he'd better be prepared to blow the boss once a week. Thompson was desperate enough for the position to undergo his humiliation. He'd been at his job just six days when Adam first ordered him to act out this obligation. Thompson was trembling with disgust as he placed Adam's plunker in his mouth. To his boss such fear was exciting. Bobby started to suck. The genetic code buried deep inside Adam's brain clicked on. Soon afterwards liquid DNA was spurting into Thompson's throat. The masochist was breathless but swallow great wads of his sperm. Having completed half of the bargain, Bobby rushed into the toilet, where he proceeded to wash out his mouth. This took him an hour.

Adam's plans for the gallery went way beyond the humiliation of a weasle like Thompson. Tunnel Vision had strict instructions not to get involved with any abstract rubbish. Adam intended to specialise in collectable figurative works, that would have a strong appeal to the masses.

When it came down to delivering the goods, Bobby proved incapable of recruiting the kind of talent Adam wanted the Atmagmatic to promote. Thompson was a mediocre painter. He was a mediocre writer. The hapless bastard was scoring well on his own criteria of 'quick fucks', but Adam refused to ratify the signing of any of the young huckles his 'exhibition director' brought before him. Eventually he was forced to reduce Bobby to front-of-house duties, and set forth, himself, in search of the talent he needed. By avoiding the art schools, and concentrating on 'tourist' galleries, Adam had soon poached the dozen social realists who would form the backbone of his gallery.

By allowing only the super-rich into Atmagmatic openings (Adam hired bouncers who beat-up any 'art world bohemian' who dared show their face) the investment was transformed into a juicy profit. And the rich who patronised the gallery not only bought paintings, inspired by the heroic subject matter of their purchases, many donated money to Adam's political movement. In this way the 'London Free Trade Centre' was transformed into the national headquarters of the 'Capitalist Workers' Movement'.

When Adam was invited to the Mayfair home of Sir John Castland





**SAY NO TO DEMOCRACY**



# INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

Brodie there were hints of a large political donation, as well as a commission to the Atismagic for a series of paintings to be used on sweet wrappers.

Adam was considerably older than the usual objects of Sir John's attention. However it was clear from the outset that Adam excited the elderly patron of the arts. Rather than getting down to business, Sir John drank like a fury. Eventually the aged pervert voiced the words he'd been wanting to speak since he'd first glimpsed his eyes on Adam.

"Let me play with your dick," the old man blurted.

Adam stood over Sir John, allowing the trembling Englishman to undo his flies.

"What a hunk of meat!" the senile sex-maniac exclaimed as he took out Adam's love muscle. "Why, it's big enough to rupture my ass!"

"Put it in your mouth," his partner instructed.

The scumbag obeyed. His toothless sucking activated the genetic impulse buried deep within Adam's brain. White sperm exploded in the ancient orifice. Adam removed his shaft from between the old man's lips. Sank down onto his knees. Pulled out his playmate's wrinkled test. He placed its peevish pectinetics in his mouth. Bit it clean through in one savage bite. Sir John screamed in agony. Reeled backwards. Adam stood up and spat out the bloody stump of flesh that had once been a penis. He knew it was only a matter of minutes before the old codger snuffed it. He got into the bastard's mud while the going was still good.

Adam went into bathroom and washed himself down. Drank a coffee in the kitchen. Went over the flat. Lifted two grand cash and some expensive jewelry from a safe, along with documents detailing Sir John's illicit arts dealing activity. The documents prodded Adam into making a second, more thorough, search. Beneath a bedroom carpet he uncovered a hidden safe. Inside were six granades, ten pistols, thirty rounds of ammunition, the parts to make up three rifles. Adam was well pleased with himself. He held in his hands merchandise that would enable him to go into the arms dealing business.

ADAM was woken by the sound of Dan Linford going into his office. Dan was deputy leader of the "Capitalist Workers' Movement". Adam had returned to his party headquarters to stash his haul of the previous night. He'd sat down to read Sir John's documents and fallen asleep in his chair. Adam called Dan in, ordered him to go and buy a copy of "City of Sinners". Adam went through the "Agit Prop" section. Listed in his diary the forthcoming meetings of ultra-left groups. Perused the documents he'd started on before falling asleep. Then leaped through some pulps. H. P. Lovecraft. Sax Rohmer. Mickey Spillane. At ten he went through the mail with Dan. There was a real mixture of enquiries, commissions, some coded messages about porn and transsexuals. But one piece was well out of place. It was a letter from Tunnel Vision Thompson giving four weeks notice of his resignation. Adam decided to take some action. And fast. He got a syringe and some smack from the safe. Loaded his 45 and walked out.

He found Thompson in his office at the Atismagic. There was no-one else around. Adam pulled the bastard into the back office.

"I hear you wanna leave." Adam intoned blandly as he landed a savage jab in Bobby's stomach. He felt the jar travel up his arm. Thompson doubled up.

"Nobody walks out on me, nobody!" Adam screamed as his boot thudded into the bastard's face.

Tunnel Vision didn't know if he was having a shit, or a shampoo, as his boss kicked him into the following week. Adam called up a couple of trusted side-kicks and ordered them down to the gallery. While he was waiting he administered Thompson with a healthy dose of slag. His associates were told to take Tunnel Vision back to the Whitechapel HQ. Where the bastard was held, and shot up, until he formed a habit. Adam took a tube to the Dilly. Before he'd had the chance to offer some junkie a connection, a beer boy crept up to him.

"Looking to deal some shit?" the cretin seemed to imagine Adam had been born yesterday.

"Right be."

"Follow me. I'll show you some good deals." the beer boy had death written all over him.

"What's in it for you?"

"A ten per cent cut, if you think any of the deals are worth taking." Adam's face was a mask of indifference as he followed the beer boy into a building on Regent Street. They got into a lift. The beer boy pushed the top floor button. As he did so Adam smashed the butt of his 45 into the bastard's head. The scumbag went down and stayed down. Adam wiped the blood from his gun butt. The lift door opened. Adam stepped into a hallway pulling the beer boy behind him. He opened a broom cupboard and heaved the body into it.

There were only two companies on the top floor. Adam put the silence onto his gun. He advanced on the door marked "Triangle Commodities". He slipped the handle. Inside four beer boys were engrossed in a game of fives. The asreholes were sitting so close together that Adam had no time for mistaking the pack of them, without a single shot being fired in retaliation.

Adam walked through to the back office. Inside the boss was getting

blown by his secretary. A slug sliced through the tyrist's brain. The bastard who'd been getting the oral cremation in agony as the slumped across the floor. Adam jumped over the desk and planted a boot in the bimbo's face. There was the satisfying crunch of splintering bone as the porky gangster fell out of his chair. Adam shoved his gun against the scumbag's temple. Watched as he spat out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth.

"O.K. bastard, what's your game?" he demanded.

The bimbo was too busy choking on his own blood to give a coherent reply. So Adam demonstrated his contempt by making the bastard eat leaden death.

A quick search of the office uncovered a few hundred grand's worth of gear. Along with this Adam lifted a file of useful addresses. He phoned up his boys and arranged to meet one of them in a Soho cafe. Once his haul was in the hands of a trusted side-kick, Adam headed back to Dilly. It didn't take long to pick up a junkie. The pair headed back to the job, followed. Adam was no foot fetishist. He simply desired pleasure from the humiliation of his partner. He sat on the junkie's face, and fared. He bound the bastard. Rubbed gear into his ass. The junkie was so keen to get at the slag, he gave the best rim job Adam had ever had. "That was pretty good, kid," Adam enthused as he untied the wretched bastard. "If you fuck me hard up the ass I'll give you a crate of bags as a goodyie present."

It was pathetic the way the junkie fingered himself in a desperate attempt to get a hard on. He just couldn't do it. Shooting dope had reduced the kid's sex drive.

"Guess you can't do it," Adam spat as he got up.

"No, no, don't go!" the kid protested. "Just give me a few more minutes."

"O.K. But I'm a busy man. If you're fucking me around. If you can't get it, I'll blow your brains out."

Adam shoved his gun into the slag-boy's mush. Consulted his watch. The junkie managed his love muscle without visible effect.

"Four minutes," Adam intoned.

The massaging became more frantic.

"Three minutes, son."

The boy's hand moved wildly. But without effect.

"Time's up!" Adam announced squeezing the trigger on his gun. The junkie slumped. His limp dick still clutched in his hand.

ADAM found the Metropolitan easily enough. Had a couple of drinks. Saw that people were going upstairs. Followed them. Most of the fifteen people in the hire room seemed to know each other. The "Workers' Council Movement" did not attract widespread public support. The theme for discussion that evening was announced as "Workers' Councils - Unitary Form of Organisation of the Proletariat in Class Struggle and Revolutionary Preparation". The ensuing three hours of "discussion" was dominated by two older men. Both were what Adam was looking for. Both were seriously into carrying out violent attacks on the state. Both were potential red terrorists. Both might want to buy arms.

Adam didn't hang about. When the meeting ended he propositioned Dave Miller, the better looking of the two men who'd dominated the evening. Miller, a self-confessed "polymorphous pervert", took Adam up on his offer. They made their way back to Miller's Piddington flat in a clapped-out mini-van. Gulped down several handfuls of quick acting laxatives. This was followed by a late supper of beans on toast, washed down with special-brew lager. The bedroom was completely black, with vinyl wallpaper, a rubber carpet, and latex sheets on the bed. The perverts stripped off. Miller broke wind. A real stinker. Adam picked up a tube of KY and rubbed the jelly into Dave's ass. Seconds later he was battering into the crepe tissue of the councillor's sphincter.

The coupling reached first climax. Adam shot off a sticky wall of liquid genetics. For a few seconds the two bodies seemed to melt, the rubber sheets being the only thing that prevented the bodies from fusing. Adam got off the bed. Stood with his cock poised over Miller. Waited for nature to perform one of its small wonders. He sprayed urine over the councillor's body. His partner amused himself by trying to catch the sweet sewer wine in his mouth. This fortified, Miller crouched on all fours, and bade Adam shove a clenched fist up his ass. Adam pushed down on Miller's shoulders, so that his partner's ass was pushed up into the air. He clenched his fist and drove it into the rim of dark pleasures. The councillor let out a great scream of ecstasy. He'd obviously undergone such treatment a number of times. His anus was well stretched. Adam removed his fist. His partner collapsed on the bed.

Once he'd recovered, Miller got a razor, a bowl of water, and some shaving foam. The polymorphs took it in turns to wash each other's body hair. They started with their pubes. Moved onto underarm growth. Then chests and stomachs. They finished up by shaving their legs. This denuded the perverts felt ready for the evening's main action. While they were waiting for the slit to hit the fan, Miller sucked Adam's cock deep into his throat. Adam could feel the pressure mounting in his groin. He shot off a great wall of liquid genetics and his DNA code switched back onto manual.

# INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

The pair of perverts lay arm in arm between the latex sheets. Adam was the first to slit himself. A brown liquid mess brought on by the sexual ives. The slit seemed to have been welded down in his stomach. The polymorphs rubbed the dark fragrance over their smooth, hairless, skin. Adam jerked Dave off and the semen was added to the fifth caking their bodies. Adam shot himself again. Dave added his own contribution. In no time at all, the pair were awash in a sea of diarrhoea.

The sweet smell of the sewers wafted through Adam's dreams. By the next morning the odour permeated the entire flat. Adam fucked Dave hard up the arse. As he did so, caked excrement fell from their skin.

Breakfast was eggs and strong coffee. Adam used this social occasion to bring up the subject of violence.

"Well, what about it Dave?" he concluded. "Do you wanna buy some granades?"

"I'd love to, son," the older man replied. "But I don't have the means."

"No problem!" Adam retorted. "You can nick the money."

"How?" Miller wanted to know.

"Easy," the smack peddler replied. "Do over a few supermarkets."

"I don't know how."

"Look," Adam persisted. "It's no problem. We could go and do one now. You'll soon get the hang of it."

"You'll show me?" the revolutionary was suspicious.

"Sure."

"What do you get?"

"I get to keep the money from the job we do together," Adam replied.

"For showing you how it's done. You buy my granades when you've done a few jobs of your own."

The pair of perverts headed for Hounslow in Miller's mini-van. They parked on a side-street. Nicked a MK II Cortina. Dave kept the engine running while Adam was inside the store. Adam shot dead the guy on the till. A woman came running out from the back of the mini-mart. Adam shot her too. He snatched up "No Sale" pulled money from the cash register. A fifty. A few twenties. Plenty of tens and fives.

Dave put his foot on the accelerator. They dumped the cortina a few minutes later. Got into Miller's mini-van and drove back to Piddington.

Adam arranged to meet the councillor the following week, to negotiate an arms deal.

MILLER bought all the arms Adam had stolen from Sir John. Adam followed up the contacts in the documents he'd nicked and was soon able to meet Dave's new orders. The right-wingers Adam was buying felt would have been after blood if they'd known he was acting as middle-man to a communist gook.

Adam had been an arms merchant for fifteen months when his suppliers suddenly refused to meet an order. Two days later he received a warning from Miller that Pillar 69 were wanting his guts. Adam laid out five grand to buy all the information he could get on this obscure fascist group. It's leader turned out to be Lord Justice Portson, a highly respected neo-nazi who had been a close friend of the late Sir John Casland-Brodie.

Adam called together the five hardest members of his organisation. Ordered them to launch an assault on Portson's Hampshire home. The attack coincided with a 69's party meeting.

Adam's men were armed with machine guns. They blasted leaden death into everything that moved. Ontop of Portson and his men, the commandos killed four abasctions, three cats, and a goldfish.

Adam retrieved the weapons from his troops, when they returned to their party headquarters. He led them down into the cellar where he perverts stripped off. Miller broke wind. A real stinker. Adam picked up a tube of KY and rubbed the jelly into Dave's ass. Seconds later he was battering into the crepe tissue of the councillor's sphincter.

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Adam jumped some buses. Found himself in Hounslow. He walked into Hackney Hospital. Pulled out his 45 and stuck it in a patients' mouth.

"Ten gonns blow you away, shitbag!" Adam informed the quaking invalid.

He made the bastard sweat it out for a minute before squeezing the trigger. As his victim slumped, Adam shot randomly at other patients.

"Eat lead, you scum!" he screamed as he blasted the bastards with his 45.

In an adjacent ward, Bridget Sky sat on her bedpan and fumed. She'd been brought to the hospital a month ago with two broken legs. She was only twenty-five, but they'd stuck her in a ward with a load of old biddies.

The best company she had was an inflatable parrot. She looked at the screen of her portable tv. Flashed.

"Christ!" she swore as Adam ran into the ward. "Can't I have any

peace?"

Adam blasted out a volley of death. A stray bullet ripped through the mattress drawn around Bridget's bed, and sliced through her inflatable parrot.

"You fucking bastard!" Bridget screamed drawing back her curtains. She picked up her bedpan and threw it at Adam, hitting him smack in the eye. He staggered backwards, and fell, hitting the crown of his head. An old biddy, supported on a walking frame, made her way towards the concussed quacker. She bent very slowly and picked up Adam's 45. Ratted her arms on the walking frame. Aimed. Adam's brains splattered across the floor.

STRAIGHT

SOME bastard was banging on the front door. Virginia Box's mood was as black as Miller's heart. The scumbag knocked again. Not realising that every rap brought him seconds closer to death. Virginia had ignored the noise for several minutes. Now it was getting on her nerves. She unbuttoned her dressing gown and pulled open the door.

"Hello," Alan Browne mumbled, somewhat startled at Virginia's state of undress.

Ginny stared at the 106 bus as it trundled along Manor Road.

"The housing co-op sent me round." Alan's attempt at communication might have been more successful if he'd been looking Virginia in the face. "They said you had a space."

"I'd say right now," Virginia spat the words as though her mouth was a machine gun from which a crazed commando was emptying leaden death.

"Can I come back and see the room some other time?" Alan persisted. "I suppose you can take a look now." Virginia's face was a mask of indifference.

"I'm Alan," the creep informed her pushing his way into the hall.

"I'm Linda Lovelace." Virginia cupped her hand into Alan's groin. "But I suppose you'd be wanting a cup of tea and a look at the house before we get down to business."

"Yes," the creep replied.

Ginny pulled some water in a pan. Put tea in a pot. Used a sauceur as a lid. Two cats slinked in from the garden. The tabby jumped onto Alan's lap.

"What's its name?" Alan asked.

"They don't have names." Ginny replied. "They're just the cats. I thought of a name for one of them once I've forked it now."

Ginny poured tea into a cup that hadn't been washed for three months. Handed the scalding brew to Alan.

"There's no milk or sugar," Ginny spoke in a flat, even, tone.

Alan drank down a mouthful of the fluid. It tasted bitter. Tea leaves caught in his throat. He coughed.

Virginia slumped in a chair. Spread her legs. Fingered her love button. The black cat purred into Alan's tea.

Virginia moaned lightly. Her genetic mystery juiced up.

Alan swallowed another mouthful of tea. Tried to stare into space but his gaze drew to Virginia. The DNA code buried deep inside his brain switched onto auto. Conscious thought was drowned out by the upward wellings of his evolutionary drive.

"Lick up my sex juice!" Ginny commanded.

When Alan moved towards Virginia, she pushed him away.

"I'm being rude. You'd be wanting to look at the house before we plumb the sticky depths of ecstasy."

Ginny led Alan upstairs.

"This is the toilet. It doesn't work."

The first room she showed him was fire damaged. Half the floor boards were burnt away.

"This room is vacant. It needs a little work done on it. I had a bonfire in here last winter."

The room at the front was filled with junk.

"This is the other spare room. I won't do any more than open the door. It's very difficult to get inside. That's your choice. One of these rooms. But come up to the next floor. I'll show you my studio."

The studio was a spacious front room. Against the far wall finished canvases were piled matrix deep. They showed all variations on a single theme. Very small dots painted in bands of varying intensity.

"Some people might say you were dotty!" Alan joked.

Virginia lagged out with her fit and heard the satisfying crunch of plating bones as her knuckles connected with Alan's mouth.

The bastard staggered backwards. Hit the wall. Slid to the floor spitting the gouts of blood, and the occasional piece of broken tooth. The creep gurgled, almost choked, on his own blood. Virginia squatted over the portrait again. Pissed in its face. Alan came round. Ginny pulled him to her feet.

"Don't ever make another joke about my work," she warned him. Then pulled the dazed bastard into her bedroom. He lolled on the bed. Ginny put in her 'special' cap. Alan focussed his eyes and real-



## INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS



# INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

invite other galleries, internationally, to invest in you. By the time the investment reaches five hundred thousand, the major museums will be forced into a position where they can't ignore you. They'll have to buy examples of your work."

"And how will this money be invested?" Virginia enquired.

"To start with, Flipper will put on an exhibition of your work. This will be in the spring. There'll be a full colour catalogue to accompany it. Flipper will pay one, or more, international critics to write about you. This writing will have to be put in the catalogue. Adverts will be placed with the art press. With the bigger magazines these adverts also count as credits towards running features on Flipper artists. Every artist signed to the gallery benefits from this. Without the gallery having sufficient credits, they don't stand a chance of getting coverage."

"Sounds great!" Virginia enthused. "Is there anything in particular I have to do?"

"Yes," Sir Charles replied. "You have to keep your mouth shut. No one cares what you produce, as long as you run a smooth production line. But whatever you do, you must never speak about your work. Critics will be paid to interpret it. This is their speciality, so they'll do it far better than you do, they'll understand how best to market it intellectually."

"When do you want me to have your child?" Virginia enquired.

"You will be impregnated in the summer. My seed is already deposited in a sperm bank. The child will be born next spring."

"I see," Virginia replied. "But I've one other question. What if I have, or should contract, AIDS?"

"There's a cure," Sir Charles reassured her. "However for the time being it's only available to those with very high connections."

"Why's that?" Virginia asked.

"It's expensive," Sir Charles explained. "And the disease has its uses. You might have noticed the hysteria that's been whipped up in the media over the virus. The government has many reasons for wanting to induce such a fear. A frightened population poses less of a threat to its leaders, particularly when they are frightened by something they don't associated with the leadership. And people who have been kept in a state of mild panic, are easy to control. World leaders are always meeting to dream up new ways to terrorise their populations. They'd watched the masses become resigned to the threat of nuclear annihilation. AIDS was probably designed by scientist working for the Americans. If it isn't a designer virus, world leaders have helped upon it as a God-send."

Ken knocked on the door of the crumbling house in Victoria Park Road, Hackney.

"Ross MacDonald?" he enquired when a burly man answered the door.

"Aye," replied the Scotsman.

"I'm Ken Knobb. Emma Career said that you'd let me move in."

"Come inside," the Scotsman's face was a mask of smiles. "How is dear, Emma?"

"As beautiful as ever," Ken replied.

Ross led Ken into the kitchen, where he pressed a mug of steaming tea between Ken's palms. Joseph Campbell, the passive half of MacDonald's life, wandered in. Introductions made, Ross explained that Ken was moving in.

"So," Joseph spat at Ken, "the old witch wants us to house you."

"Now, now, Joe," Ross put in. "You know what Emma wants is good for our careers."

Joseph ignored the remark, and persisted with his pointed comments.

"You know the old crow is a repository for every disease that's liable to take hold between the knee-cap and navel! I hope for your own sake, she's been to the clinic lately. You could do worse than going down there yourself, to find out what you've caught."

"Emma is a very nice woman," Ken interjected.

"Call yourself straight!" Joseph retorted. "That witch is old enough to be your mother! Has she given you a show?"

"Yes," Ken smiled.

"You must have a big dick."

"That's right," Ken chuckled.

"I knew it! I knew it!" Joseph screamed.

"Shit up Joe!" Ross shouted. "If we're nice to her she might give us a show for us."

"Your dick's not big enough," Joseph taunted.

Ross smashed his fist into Joe's mouth and was rewarded with the satisfying crunch of splintering denture. Joe fell from his chair spitting out dollops of blood, and the occasional piece of National Health dentistry. Ross had broken the last of Joe's natural teeth several years previously. He picked himself off the floor. Washed out his mouth. Set back down at the table.

"What is it you do?" Ross asked Ken.

"Junk assemblage," Ken replied. "I've also developed a performance series called 'Excrement Campaign'."

"Sounds like bullshit to me!" Toothless Joe spat.

"So what do you do, that's a bit better?" Ken demanded.

"Ross and I are engaged in a ten year data project entitled 'Fruitless Labour'. Ross makes plaster casts of rocks and I paint them."

"Is that some classical reference?"

"Bleghh."

"You got any money Ken?" Ross interrupted.

"No."

"Then I won't try to hit you for the rent. Me and Joe have been here three years, and we've never paid a penny. We just let the housing co. charge us in the Queens."

"Which rooms can I have?"

"You can live on the top floor," Ross informed Ken. "Use the attic for a studio. Joe and me use the other three floors. Our studio is in the basement."

VIRGINIA BOB walked into the office of Flipper Fine Arts for yet another meeting with Amanda Debben-Phillips, the exhibitions' director.

"Hello, Virginia!" Amanda's face was a mask of smiles. "Before we start this meeting I'd like you to go into the back room and service the Saudi-Arabian prince whose waiting for you."

"Sure," Virginia replied casually.

She went into the back room. Said "Hi", to the prince.

"Take off your clothes," the prince commanded.

She waited a minute, then used it to remove a length of cloth from his pocket. He blindefolded Virginia. Ordered her onto the bed. As she lay still she could hear the prince undressing.

He got onto of Virginia's buttocks from his fuck-hole without any of the "Christian" preliminaries. Ginny moaned when she was supposed to. Virtually all the time. The prince came quickly, spluttering his own brand of DNA into the confines of a condom. He got off the bed, dressed. Ordered Virginia to stand up. Untied the blindfold. Watched as she put on her clothes.

"You may go now," the prince told her.

Virginia went back to the office, proceeded with her meeting.

"I've good news for you, Ginny," Amanda's face was a mask of enthusiasm. "We've programmed our computer to punch holes in card along the same lines as the pattern in your paintings."

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# INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

promise of a contract to remove it from the gallery when the exhibition was over, proved sufficient incentive for him to temporarily divert the garbage from its usual destination.

"I understood the nouveauveau realise revival wasn't to begin for another three months," a critic was complaining.

"It is somewhat unethical," a gallery owner replied. "We did make an agreement to start the revival in March. However, as long as nothing is sold, I don't imagine it will affect the market."

"It's alright for you," the critic cried. "All you have to worry about are your sales. I have a reputation to maintain. I've already predicted in print that the revival will begin in March."

At eight it was announced that the latest phase of Ken's 'Excrement Campaign' was about to begin upstairs. Those who could be persuaded to leave the wine table, entered a first floor studio, and found Ken before them, lying on an operating table. A nurse pushed his legs up against his chest. Inerted a length of metal tubing into his rim of dark pleasures. Ken moaned lightly as the surgical implement penetrated his sphincter. The metal tube was connected to a length of rubber hose, which in its turn, ran out of a pressurised jar of heated water. The nurse pushed a button. The warm smell of Ken's ass. The metal tubing was withdrawn. The heated swirl made Ken's bowel muscles relax. Ken discharged a load of fresh, liquidised, loam, into a metal dish.

The nurse removed the dish. Bottled the excrement in test tubes. Ken got off the operating table. Picked up a roll of toilet tissue. Tore off a piece. Turned and showed to ass up at the audience. He wiped the orifice. Turned around. Threw the soiled tissue into the audience.

A slight scuffle followed as three punters fought for possession of the momento. Ken repeated the toilet tissue action, while the nurse wheeled the operating table to the back of the studio. Ken wiped his ass a third time. Threw the tissue. Another scuffle ensued.

He got into a yoga position. His head resting on the floor, facing upwards. His back arched over, so that his ass was immediately over his face. His legs stretched out on the floor behind his head. The nurse inserted a tube of excrement, stoppered and facing outwards, into Ken's anal orifice. Ken removed the cork, allowing the liquid shit to dribble out of its container, and struck across his face. When the last drop had dribbled, Ken removed the tube, and got up off the floor.

"I believe in the power of the toilet paper!" Ken announced. "I play newspaper bingo. I own premium bonds. I want to re-invent the art of our century in the light of this belief system."

Ken walked to the back of the studio where he picked up a book of raffle tickets and a hat.

"O.K.!" Ken shouted as he walked back. "The tickets are a pound each. The prize is a test-tube of my shit, or if the winner prefers, all the money taken in the raffle."

An art collector stepped forward. Bought a ticket, saying that he'd take the shit. A couple more people stepped up after him and bought tickets.

"This is too much like Piero Manzoni!" someone shouted.

"Listen craphed!" Ken replied angrily. "This is post-modern appropriation. You can stuff authenticity up your ass."

"Fuck you," the defendant shouted, and then left.

Some more people bought lottery tickets.

"Come on, come on!" Ken encouraged. "Don't pass up this chance of a life-time. It isn't every day you get the opportunity to win a test-tube of my shit. In ten years time you'll be able to sell it for millions."

A few more tickets were sold.

"There's now over thirty quid in the kitty," Ken exclaimed. "So, even if you don't want the shit, you could go home with money in your pocket."

Two more people bought tickets.

"Right," Ken spat. "This is your last chance. Anyone who wants a ticket will have to buy one now."

He sold three more tickets. Counted up the money.

"We've taken £37," Ken smiled. "So thirty-seven lucky people are in line for being our big winner. But before I get my beautiful assistant to make the draw, I'd like those thirty-seven people to think about the difficult choice they may have to make. Firstly, consider that inflation will reduce the value of the money, while my shit will increase in value. Secondly, consider that my shit will degrade. If the owner wants the shit to retain its value, they will need to spend money having it preserved, whereas the £37 could be invested, instantly increasing its potential value."

Ken shook up the lottery stubs. The nurse put her hand into the hat, and pulled out a number.

"Twenty-three!" he screamed, her voice crazed with excitement.

"That's me!" Virgilia Box screamed in delight, as she stepped forward waving her ticket.

"Which prize would you like, lady?" Ken enquired.

"I'll take the shit."

"A wise choice," Ken's face was a mask of smiles. "And because it's such a wise choice, I'm gonna give you the chance to double your winnings."

"Yes!" gasped Virgilia.

"Yes!" replied Ken. "We'll cut cards. The highest card wins. If you cut high, out of your tube of excrement, you also get an excrement painting, and the £37. If I win, you lose the tube of excrement, but as a booby prize, you get to kiss my ass. However, before you decide, I'll make the excrement painting. Then you'll actually see what you've got the opportunity to win."

The nurse brought Ken a tube of excrement, and a pre-stretched canvas, from the back of the studio. Ken dripped excrement over the canvas. Then melted some chocolate laxative onto. Gluing a piece of toilet tissue in one corner completed the composition.

"Be's beautiful," Virgilia sighed. "I'll risk my all in an attempt to gain it."

The nurse offered Virgilia a pack of 'nudie' cards. Virgilia drew an eight. Ken cut an eleven. The audience thinned.

"The booby prize!" Ken announced as he showed his ass into the air. Virgilia kissed the proffered orifice. Ran her tongue along the crack. Back and forth. Lubricating the shit chute with her saliva. The audience whistled. Slow clapped. Boots were stomping out a rhythm.

"Show your fingers up his ass!" a woman's voice called out.

Virgilia formed her hand into a pistol shape and rammed the out-stretched index and middle fingers into the rim of dark pleasures. Ken moaned. The fingers penetrated his mystery.

Someone in the audience dropped their trousers and got the person behind them to shove two fingers up his ass. Several other people followed suit.

Virgilia span Ken around. Took his cock deep into her throat. Ken moaned. Buried gastric mechanisms took control of their bodies. It was as if they were floating in the warm swirl of a tropical sea. Ken shot off a wad of his DNA.

Virgilia hitched up her skirt. Peeled down her pants. Pulled Ken onto her face. Genetic impulses had long ago set loose her sex juice allowing the two stick a squelchy passage through her tunnel of love. The stick's rhythmic rhythm of sex blurring their identities. Breaking down their egos. Reducing them to their unitary origin.

All around them other couples, and trios, were experiencing a similar loss of identity. On the edge of this festival the alienated looked on in voyeuristic fascination. Ken came. Virgilia pushed him away and found herself another man. Emma Career got onto Ken and rode him into exhaustion. When Emma was finished, Virgilia pulled Ken out of the melos. Took him home.

"WELL darlings," Emma Career concluded. "I think your 'Getting Addicted Together' Campaign is a great idea. With the swing to the right, and the AIDS scare, couples are very fashionable at the moment. However, I want you to remember one thing." Emma was staring at Virgilia. "Ken is my very own, personal, walking, talking, living, dildo. Whenever I want to exercise my personality, I expect him to come running. So, you're quite welcome to his personality, but just remember that his fuck-tick is mine."

"I understand," Virgilia was nodding to emphasise the point.

Emma got out of her chair, and walked the few paces to Ken. She took off his tool. It banded in her hand.

"Lie on the floor," Emma commanded.

Ken did as he was told.

"Sit on his face, Virgilia," Emma instructed. "Pull down your knickers, so he can set up your pussy."

Emma pulled a walkman, and a pre-recorded cassette of the Stooges 'Raw Power' from a drawer. She took a dildo from a shelf. Switched on the anal exciter, and showed it up Ken's ass. She put the cassette in the player, turning the volume up loud. The headphones wore over Ken's ears.

Emma peeled off her knickers. Hitched up her skirt. Rubbed her elbows with an index finger. Once she'd got the lubrication going, she lowered herself onto Ken's shit one. Ken's tongue was exploring Virgilia's cavernous pleasures. His ass is tangled organically. The raw energy of the Stooges exploded through his head. Emma was working him up to fulfill his genetic function. Ken's ability to distinguish between the different phenomena had vanished under the intensity of these varied sensations.

He had gone beyond personality. Had been reduced to a mere function of his DNA. Sperm surged through Ken's cock. The liquid genetic spurting out into the purple confines of Emma's fuck-hole. Virgilia's sex juice was filling up his mouth. The music. The vibrator. These sensations were being genetically recorded for future generations. Future parties. But Ken didn't feel a thing. The social construction that constituted Ken Knobb, had been blown away.

Emma pulled herself off Ken's instrument of genetic propagation. Virgilia got up. Sore from the lashings of Ken's tongue. Emma pulled the dildo from Ken's ass. The cassette clicked off.

Ken lay on the floor dribbling sperm and saliva. Virgilia made three teas. Waxed pubic steaming brew upon Emma, and then into Ken's sweat pants. The latter recipient began to come round. Pulling his character armour back into place. Emma drank down her cuppa.



## INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

"Right," she announced. "I've got to get going. There's a flame thrower in Studio Eleven. I want you to break in there and use it to destroy the exhibition. I'll come in at nine tomorrow and discover the damage. I'll call the cops straight away." She was looking at Ken. "If you come in at eleven, you can fill out the insurance forms, and start phoning the papers. Try and burn the walls a bit while you're doing over the exhibition. It'll mean I can claim insurance for having the gallery repainted. It needs doing."

WHEN Ken walked into the gallery his mouth dropped open. His face went white. Then scarlet as he flew into a rage.

"The bastards! I'll kill the fucking bastards! Wait till I get my hands on them. I'll pour boiling wax over their eyeballs. I'll send their asses and force-feed them. I'll remove their skin layer by layer, until there's nothing left but bone. This is what comes of abolishing National Service! The nation is over-run by hooligans!"

"And just who might you be?" a constable enquired.

"Ken!" Ken cried in disbelief. "I'm the person who wants to know why you haven't been doing your job properly. I'm the person who wants to know why dangerous criminals are allowed to run loose. I'm the person who wants to know what you're doing to catch the bastards who've ruined my exhibition. That's who I am!"

"Ah..." the constable sighed, taking out his note-book and flicking through the pages. "You must be Ken Knobb, the artist who... installed? Is that the correct word?"

"Yes," Ken replied.

"You're the artist who 'installed' this exhibition."

"That's correct."

"Good," the constable replied. "I've been waiting for you to come along. I'd like you to answer a few questions."

"Well, fire away."

"Do you have any enemies?"

"No. Why should I? I'm an artist."

"The person who smashed up this exhibition obviously had a reason for doing it."

"Ah," Ken replied. "I'm beginning to follow your line of reasoning. Whoever did it must be jealous of my incredible artistic talent."

"Does that slogan mean anything to you?" The constable was pointing at the words 'Artists Are The Real Pillagers', which Ken had burnt into the wall with the flame-thrower.

"Why man!" Ken replied, his face a mask of horror. "That's a situationist slogan!"

"And what may I ask," the constable enquired grimly, "is a situationist?"

"They're a rogue breed of militant," Ken explained, "who recognise the central value of art to our society. They see the destruction of art as the starting point of any effective political strategy. The reverence with which your average worker attends an art gallery drives them wild. Just as nineteenth-century anarchists saw the necessity of destroying religion before they could have a violent revolution in which everybody would get killed, so these situationists see the destruction of art as a necessary pre-requisite for mass butchery. On one occasion they organised a 'situation' at the Tate. Four of them ran through the modern galleries, causing quite a disturbance, until the security guards caught them. They have been known to steal milk from dairies as a tactic in their campaign to redistribute wealth. Some of them even possess 'texts' by Bakunin!"

"I see," replied the constable whose eyes had glazed. He smashed a clenched fist into an open palm. "This is most serious. I'll do everything I can to smash the red bastards."

"Is that all, constable?" Ken enquired.

"I've just one more question," the constable informed him. "Does the name Michael K. mean anything to you?"

"Why yes!" Ken replied clutching the constable's sleeve. "He's one of those situationists! He pretends that he's an artist, but it's just a front to infiltrate the art world. I was once at an opening where he bag got knocked over. Several situationist texts fell out, including a copy of 'Society of the Spectacle', the most terrible of their books!"

"That's all I need to know," the constable's face was a mask of hate.

"Miss Carter has already informed me that he has a grudge against the gallery. She's given me his address. I'll get an arms warrant and shoot the red anarchist as he tries to resist arrest. That'll save the British taxpayer the expense of a trial."

The constable left and Ken went upstairs to Emma's office. His insurance claim came to a cool fifteen grand. Emma was claiming another five big ones against damage to the gallery. A twenty grand turn-over wasn't bad for thirty minutes work.

"By the way," Emma informed Ken as she looked over his insurance claim, "the gallery takes fifty per cent of all your sales. That includes insurance money for works damaged."

Ken spent the afternoon phoning the papers. Fortunately for him the cops had shot the red bastard they believed was responsible for destroying his show. The situationist gunk had tried to resist arrest. This death made post-modern art a front page affair. Ken had arrived.

KEN and Virginia teamed up with a skinhead poet to do over some Mayfair flats. Both Ken and Virginia had earned a lot of money, but they'd squandered it all on smack. They couldn't believe their luck when they found a Picasso hanging on a living room wall. They draped a sheet over the painting, and took a bus back to Virginia's Stoke Newington abode. Fending a Picasso was no easy feat. But pulling it off would make them each several million richer.

Virginia went down to the cellar to get some wine. It was a futile gesture, since they were all too smashed up to enjoy alcohol. Ginny slipped rat poison into two red bottles. She kept a white bottle clean for herself. While she'd been down in the cellar, Ken had smashed a chair over the collaborator's head. Ken had then rummaged through some drawers until he found a kitchen knife. He'd showed it through the heart of his erstwhile, and now unconscious, partner in crime. When he withdrew it, the blade was bloody red. Virginia received the same treatment. The only difference being that she was conscious when the knife went into her heart. The wise she was carrying went crashing to the floor, where the bottles smashed. Ken withdrew the blade, his ex-girlfriend dropped down dead.

He wrapped the Picasso in the bedsheet that had covered it on its journey to Stoke Newington. Walked down Manor Road, left onto Stamford Hill, and south onto Stoke Newington High Street. Ken strode towards Dalston. Solo Gally rodded around the corner from Church Street. She levelled her 45 at Ken. Sent two bullets blasting into his back. Ken fell into the road. Went under the wheels of a bus. The driver didn't have time to stop. By the time the cops had stopped the traffic it was difficult to tell where Ken Knobb ended, and the Picasso painting began. They were both an integral part of the same bloody mess.

### THE AVANT-GARDE OF PRESENCE

'On 16th January (1963) some revolutionary students in Caracas made an armed attack on an exposition of French art and carried off five paintings, which they declared they would return in exchange for the release of political prisoners. The forces of order recovered the paintings after a gun battle with Winston Burnades, Louis Montelme, and Gladys Trocenis. A few days later some other comrades threw two bombs on the police van that was transporting the recovered paintings, which unfortunately did not succeed in destroying it. This is clearly an exemplary way to treat the art of the past, to bring it back into the play of life and restorable priorities. Since the death of Gauguin (I tried to establish the right to dance everything) and Van Gogh, their work, recuperated by their enemies, has never received from the cultural world a homage as true to their spirit as the act of these Venezuelans. During the Dresden lausurrection of 1849 Bakunin proposed, unsuccessfully, that the insurgents take the paintings out of the museums and put them on the barricade at the entrance to the city, to see if this might inhibit the firing of the attacking troops. We can thus see how this skirmish in Caracas links up with one of the highest moments of the revolutionary risings of the last century and even goes further.'

Guy Debord "The Situationists and the New Forms of Action in Politics And Art".

DEBORD's strength as a 'revolutionary leader' was always his greatest weakness. Through him several generations of anarchist, and left communist, youth, have discovered the 'pleasures' of detournement, and the 'practical' uses to which such puns can be put. As part and parcel of these practices they have inherited Debord's fetishisation of the separation between politics and art. 'Detournement' is thus adopted as the activists' substitute for more mainstream cultural activities. Rather than abandoning 'art' for a life PRAXIS, Debord preferred to take on the apocryphal role of 'revolutionary leader'. As a result, from the mid-sixties onwards he felt the need to attack art in the same way he had previously practised it. Like Hitler (another failed artist), he invested in art an unwarranted importance long after his move into politics. Thus he never properly understood the qualitative difference between an individual art work, and art as an abstract reification. This weakness is amplified in the 'theory' of his followers, many of whom imagine that the destruction of specific art works is, in itself, a revolutionary tactic. An even greater failing is their inability to appreciate why the destruction of art is at the same moment the destruction of politics. Despite an 'apparent' difference, the distance between 'art' and 'politics' has always been minimal.

### THIRD MANIFESTO OF PRAXIS

TASTE, like law, is based on precedent. Therefore, as a 'revolutionary' force, we are opposed to aesthetics. Morals, also, are based on previous cases, which are used as examples, and justifications. Therefore, we have no truck with religion, philosophy, or politics.



# SIN IN STYLE





# FREEDOM